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Yes, when he your saucy noddles gives a scoring,
You'll vent your penitence in hideous roaring.
Such be the fate of all who wield the pen
Against the loyal feuds stirred up by O-rangemen.

TO MY HARP.

I.

CHARMER of life ! sweet harp, to thee
I wish to consecrate my song,
And tho' unskill'd in minstrelsy
That sleeps thy silver strings among,
Yet still the pathos of thy wire,
The bold persuadings of thy strain,
Command my soul, my bosom fire,
And banish care's ill-boding train.

II.

When first in early life I heard
Thy rich redundancy of tone,
I blest thy notes, I blest thy bard,
Then grasp'd thee as thou wert my own;
Among thy strings my fingers crept
By art unaided, and to me
The sound I made was sweet ; I wept,
And dropp'd a tear my harp on thee.

III.

Years pac'd away, I look'd around,
My native country caught my eye,
And soon, alas ! a cause I found,
To dew my cheek, to make me sigh.
Th' historic muse before me laid,
Such scenes as only please the mind
That fiends misanthropic have made
A den of mischiefs to mankind.

IV.

Eria ! tho' blest by nature more
Than other isle, than other land !
Yet, discord rules thy em'rald shore,
Concordant with a lawless hand.—
Thy ancient glories prostrate lie,
Unstrung the herald of thy name,
And soon we'll hear slow passing by,
The last sad requiem of thy fame.*

* If the Catholic Board be suppressed, enslaved Erin will then lose her moving tone of complaint; she will then arrive at the lowest point of degradation. Here

V.

Mild soother of my lonely hours !
Wilt thou survive th' unwelcome day
That will my country's fairest flowers
Consign unmindful to decay.
Yes, thou may'st live, and it shall be
Thy dearest duty to relate,
What was the land gave birth to thee,
Ere sunk to slav'ry's lowest state.

VI.

Faction accr'st'd ! to thee we owe,
Whatever wrongs or ills we feel—
The *penal code*, th' exclusive foe,
Is offspring of thy bigot zeal :
And still thy annual banners stream,
Surrounded by a mongrel race,
The burden of whose every theme,
Is ruin to their native place !

COLMANUS.

A SONG.

I.

JOY to the circle that now closes round,
The magical circle of hearts that we love !
Our souls in the strong ties of friendship
are bound,
And no hand shall the fairy-wove fetters
remove.
Though chains we abhor, and in freedom
delight,
Yet friendship is freedom when warm and
sincere ;
Let the charm then that girds us be ever
kept bright,
O ! as bright as those pure beaming eyes
that afe here.

II.

Hail to the moment that now passes by !
This moment to friendship and song we
resign ;
Our pleasures are winged, and if as they
fly,
We can pluck but a feather we must not
repine.

and there, and now and then, her bards,
who yet, and who will still love her, may
sing of her sorrows, but the grand chorus
of her *petitional* band will cease, and cor-
ruption and willing slavery join to revel
on her misfortunes.